

IN THE POWER OF A BRUTE LONG NOVEL  
INSIDE

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# Betty's Paper

2<sup>d</sup>

EVERY SATURDAY



NEW SERIES OF TRUE CONFESSIONS BEGINS INSIDE



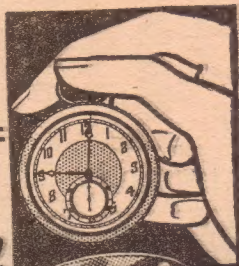
# SKIN VICTIMS!

—Just a  
Minute

... with  
**Germolene**  
Brand Ointment

will  
bring

**RELIEF!**



**TIME IT! Smooth**  
cool, silky Germolene  
Ointment (which you can buy for fifteen pennies  
at the chemists NOW) all over the horrid, sore,  
itchy place. You **WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG!**  
—one minute is all it takes to show you you've  
got the right remedy, at last! In **ONE MINUTE**  
Germolene's unique Aseptic action gets to work—  
banishing fierce Pain, soothing Maddening Itch—  
painlessly starting to push out all the germs and  
poisons. The **HEAVENLY RELIEF** alone is worth  
the money. The unique **ASEPTIC** action means  
**PAINLESS Healing...**

## RASH Banished in 2 DAYS!

"My face was covered with  
horrible red spots. Nothing  
I tried was any good; indeed  
they spread, and I was in  
despair. Then last Monday  
my mother gave me some  
**GERMOLENE OINTMENT**,  
and I tried  
it. To my  
amazement  
most of the  
spots had  
gone down  
by Tuesday  
morning.  
I used it  
again,  
and by  
Wednesday  
my face was clear!"  
—R.L.H., Westcliff.



Remember that

**Germolene**  
Ointment

1. Soothes at a touch;  
starts rapid healing  
**IMMEDIATELY.**
2. Gently **EJECTS** germs  
and poisons; never  
burns them out.
3. Heals the worst wound  
in record time—without  
scars!

For  
**CUTS, BURNS, RASH,  
ULCERS, BAD LEGS,  
Etc., Get**

**Germolene**  
Brand

**ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3 & 3/-**

## MORE SPECIAL PRIZE-WINNERS IN COUPON PRIZE SCHEME No. 2

(Continued from page 34.)

SUGDON, Mrs. M., 21, Byass-avenue, Bridlington, Yorks.  
DRENK WATER, Mrs., 133, Great Moor-st., Bolton, Lancs.  
GREY, G., "Greyleigh," Rothbury, Northumberland.  
VAUGHAN, D. J., Penthyllia, Prestatyn, North Wales.  
WATKINS, Mrs. R. E., 27, Board-street, Pontefract, Glam.  
KENT, Mrs. E., Smallwood, near Sandbach, Cheshire.  
AUTY, Mrs. L., Laburnum Lodge, Low-lane, Birstall, Leeds.  
WALLIS, Mrs. F., 5, Goulde Cottages, Danton Green,  
Sevenoaks, Kent.  
BAILEY, Mrs. T., 31, Queen-street, Middlewich.  
KIEHL, Mrs., 10, Queensdale-road, Holland Park, W.11.  
YEOMANS, Miss E., 4, White Gates, Codnor, Derbyshire.  
PILKINGTON, Mrs. A., 36, Acomb-street, C. on M., M. c.  
BROOKS, Mrs. L., 16, Paper Mill-road, Eagley, nr. Bolton,  
Lancashire.  
MUSGRAVE, Miss F., c/o Myrona, Merrilocke-road,  
Blundellsands.  
OSBORNE, Miss, Southgate Gardens, Hornsea, near Hull.  
REDGATE, Miss M., 413, Wotton-rd., Wotton, Birmingham.  
WILLIAMS, M., Glas Bethlehem, Talybont, near Bangor,  
North Wales.  
CLARY, Mrs. H., 14, Repton-road, Fulham, S.W.6.  
STOCKTON, Mrs. A., 21, Pym-street, South Bank, Yorks.  
CODDINGTON, Mrs. R., Fruit Stores, Red Lion-st., Spalding.  
BIENIE, A., High Harrington, Cumberland.  
MOORES, Mrs. J., 30, Prospect-place, Haughton Green,  
Denton, near Manchester.  
BEDDOWS, Miss E., 23, Barrett-st., Old Trafford, M/c.  
CAPEWELL, Mrs., 185, Foleshill-road, Coventry.  
HOWELLS, Mrs. B., 4, Douglas-aven., Christchurch, Hants.  
WATHER, Mrs. E., 51, Mersey-street, Warrington.  
EDWARDS, Mrs. M., 34, Woodfield-terrace, Fearnhewer,  
Glam., South Wales.  
WILKINSON, Mrs., 16, Miles-street, Hyde, Cheshire.  
DAVIES, Mrs. H., 16, Wellington-st., Chadderton, Oldham.  
BAGNALL, Mrs. W., 275, Wilmalaw-rl., Fallowfield, M/c.  
DOUGAN, Mrs. J., 6, Hay-street, Greenock, N.B.  
WADE, Mrs. H., Woodcroft, Gosport-rd., Stubbington.  
YARROW, B. I., Pelham House, Pelham-st., London, E.1.  
PICOT, Mrs. M., 49, Surrey-street, Brighton, Sussex.  
HAND, Mrs., 52, Seedley-rd., Salford.  
LINGWOOD, Mrs., 12, Banyard-ld., E. Dereham, Norfolk.  
WEBSTER, Mrs. J., 9, Ormskirke-rd., Skelmersdale.  
BERESFORD, Mrs. M., 6, North-rd., Prestwich, M/c.  
BOLL, Mrs. R., c/o Mr. Hunt, 15, Brighton-rd., Watford.  
ADAMS, Mrs. H., The Croft, 68, Church-rd., Moseley,  
Birmingham.  
COOMBS, Mrs., Middle Aston, Oxfordshire.  
ANDERSON, Mrs., Fassiefern-road, Fort William.  
BATTY, Mrs., Tenth-street, Trafford Park, Manchester.  
RICHARDSON, Miss B., 2, Prospect-terrace, Hamsterley  
Colliery, Co. Durham.  
WINDER, Mrs., 26, Shaw Heath, Stockport.  
DRAYTON, Mrs., Thwaites-st., Cottingham, E. Yorkshire.  
JONES, Mrs. L., 133, Blythe-road, London, W.14.  
SELBY, Mrs., Hardstoft Pilsley, near Chesterfield.  
WILLIAMSON, Mrs., 9, East Parade, Leeds, Yorks.  
HARRISON, Mrs. C., 37, Low Moss-lane, Salford.  
DAVIES, Miss L. M., c/o Strathmore, Brompton-avenue,  
Colwyn Bay.  
WALKER, Mrs., 9, Mountrath-street, Walsall, Staffs.  
DOYLE, Mrs. J., 18, Lr. Grange-gorman, Dublin.  
In addition to the special prize-winners already published  
over 13,000 readers who sent in entries of a minimum of  
255 coupons will each receive a splendid prize.  
All prizes will be forwarded to winners as quickly as  
possible.

## WAS YOUR NAME

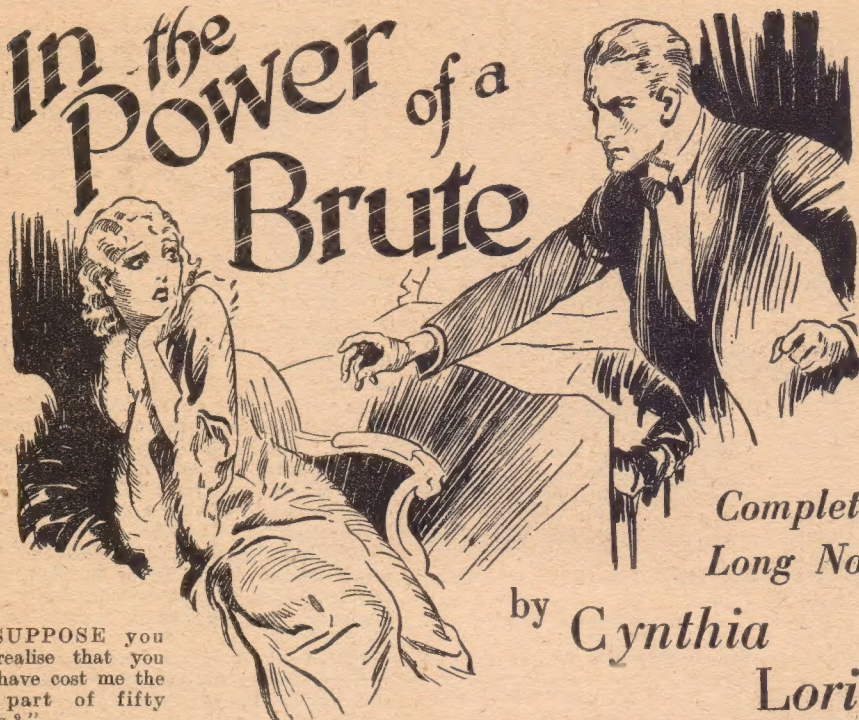
Amongst the prize-winners in the  
above list? If not, there still may be  
a prize for you to claim in our National  
Savings Scheme.

## £250 FREE EVERY WEEK

is being offered to readers. No entry  
fee, no coupons to collect, no puzzles  
to solve. All you have to do is to claim  
your prize! Turn to page 35 now and  
see if there is one of this week's 207  
free prizes for you!



# In the Power of a Brute



Complete  
Long Novel

by Cynthia  
Loring

"I SUPPOSE you realise that you have cost me the best part of fifty pounds?"

Vivian Chard winced beneath the words. When Lance Hastings, owner of "La Fleche Ltd.," the Regent Street dress salon, was angry, the whole staff trembled beneath the lash of his tongue. And never had she seen him more annoyed than now.

The level brows were drawn together beneath the thick fair hair, the well-cut mouth was shut like a trap, and his blue eyes were cold as steel.

Beside him on a chair lay a silver gown of lace, sewn with brilliants, the skirt slashed at one side to show a flair of vivid green chiffon. It was exquisite—a shimmering thing in the lamplight of the private office, but a great rent marred the fold of the long skirt, and the jade flair was jagged and torn.

Even now Vivian's ankle ached. She had wrenched her foot just as she was leaving the salon where she had been parading in the model. The heel of her silver shoe had caught in the train of the gown, and

**She knew that people gossiped about her—knew that they linked her name with that of a wealthy man.**

**Yet she was powerless to contradict these rumours—powerless to clear her own good name!**

**She was in his power—forced to do as he ordered!**

Vivian had barely saved herself from falling headlong. The torn gown bore witness to it.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said in a whisper. "It was an accident," and the violet eyes beneath her red-gold hair were troubled.

"I'm sorry, too—my dress is ruined," he replied harshly. "I'm afraid your regret won't mend

matters—or the green gown either. It was carelessness on your part. I can't afford to employ clumsy mannequins. They damage my reputation and my stock," he added, a little cruelly.

The words sounded a warning note through her distress.

"You mean that—I'm to go?" she faltered.

He nodded.

"Yes. It was a gross piece of negligence and I can't afford to repeat it. The lace was made specially in Paris for me, and to get it repaired will halve my

All the characters in the stories printed in this paper are fictitious. The names do not refer to any living person or persons.

No. 505.—July 23, 1932.

OUT EVERY SATURDAY.



profit. You had better take a week's notice from now. That will be all."

Lance Hastings turned to his desk and began to read a letter. He was furious at the destruction of one of his best models, and also because this girl filled him with a sense of reluctance to dismiss her.

He had never felt this way before. Girls had entered and left his employment during the past three years and he had not cared. But Vivian Chard was different; with her great eyes and drooping mouth that hardly ever smiled, he felt somehow that he was in the wrong, not she—a knowledge foreign to his rather arrogant nature.

He looked up impatiently, wondering why he had not heard the door close behind her—and then saw the reason. She was still standing there, but her face was hidden in her hands and her shoulders were heaving convulsively beneath her black satin frock.

His sense of irritation increased and he frowned. "Come now, Miss Chard," he said testily, "don't cry. It is the fortune of war. Everyone has to pay for mistakes, you know, and that is going to be a costly one for me," he added, pointing to the frock.

She looked up then, showing her face, flushed and tear-stained.

"Yes, but you can afford it." She spoke mutinously. "I can't. When I leave here I shall have nowhere to go, no references to give, and exactly three pounds in the world."

She moved forward a little as she spoke, and wincing, caught at a chair.

He saw the action.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"My ankle—I twisted it—when I tore the frock." Her voice was low and halting.

"You'd better sit down."

### Dare She Accept This Wealthy Man's Tempting Offer?

It was only because her foot pained her so that Vivian sank into the chair he pushed forward.

She wanted to get away from this man whom she felt she hated because of his ruthless treatment, and she hated herself too because of her momentary show of weakness.

She was acutely conscious of his eyes appraising her shrewdly, and flushed slightly. She could not know that behind that broad forehead strange pictures were taking shape—pictures of herself, her slim body swathed in the exquisite frocks such as he had designed for Society during the past few years, her small head a scarlet flame against rich furs, slippers of satin and brocade on her feet, the shimmer of silk against her white skin.

"So being in work is vital to you?" he said, and wondered why he was so interested in one of his junior assistants.

"Yes—but I don't expect my feelings matter to you," she retorted.

Something in her manner called to the dominance that underlay his nature. She had spirit—and he liked that. He smiled, and his face lost some of its coldness.

"You're right—in a way," he told her, "but I'm not the hard-hearted villain you seem to think. If I'd known—"

"You never troubled to find out," she flashed. Somehow it relieved her to vent her feelings openly. After all, she was under notice to go, so what did it matter, anyway?

"True," he admitted calmly, "but all this gets us nowhere. Now," he went on, still looking at her with eyes into which had crept an expression she could not fathom, "you say your future will be a very difficult one if you leave here. I want compensation for my damaged gown. You must agree that it is only fair. Being your employer I know you couldn't afford to pay for it out of your salary, so we must think of another way."

"Another way!" Hope sprang into her heart. Did it mean that he wasn't going to dismiss her after all?

He was silent for a moment, in which once more all those pictures of her flashed across his mind vividly. And in that moment fear seemed to leap out and touch her with its ice-cold fingers.

"What do you mean?" she asked, and all her dread was audible in her question.

He heard it and laughed.

"Don't be frightened," he assured her. "Believe me, I have no interest in you outside this shop. I am afraid I am being brutally frank, but you force me to be." And he had the satisfaction of seeing her flush.

"No, what I intend is much more simple. All I want you to do is to go down at the end of the week and stay at the Occident Hotel, Leamouth, for a fortnight. In the right clothes you will be an excellent advertisement for me, and to the people you will meet you will confide the fact that you dress exclusively from 'La Fleche Ltd.' It's an old dodge and one that will bear repetition."

She stared at him in suspicious amazement.

"How can I do that?" she asked. "I haven't got the clothes to begin with."

"Of course not," he answered impatiently. "I never supposed you had. I shall provide them and pay for your expenses. Don't you think that is a good way out of your difficulty? And, perhaps, if you do me credit and are tactful, I may re-engage you. Well, what do you say?"

Vivian was silent. The offer was a tempting one, giving her the chance to step into the rich world from which she was shut out, of wearing beautiful clothes such as she could never afford in a lifetime. To refuse it meant to lose her work—the weary search for a new post and perhaps not finding it. Her terrified mind dared not look further into the future which frightened her.

Yet she longed passionately to decline the chance. She had the feeling that Lance Hastings was in some way triumphing over her. He was a man who always had what he wanted and whose forceful personality had got him where he was in the world of fashion. If she agreed she would be playing into his hands. Yet what other way was open to her?

He had quite forgotten all about the letter which lay open before him, and was watching the play of emotions across her expressive face.



# £10! for a HOLIDAY SNAP!



**M**OST people keep snapshot body takes a snapshot holiday. For there is no better way to recapture the happy leisure moments of holiday-time than by a snap!

So here is a competition for everybody . . . open to all readers.

**ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:** Send the snap of yourself you like best, with the following words written on the back, "I declare that this is a snapshot of myself," to "Snapshots," BETTY'S PAPER, 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. Read the rules printed on page 36, and fill in the coupon, also on that page, which must be enclosed with your entry. Send also a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want your snap returned. Six photographs will be published each week for six weeks, the sender of each winning 10/6, and the final prize-winner will be selected from the published photographs.

**£10** Will be given for the best reader's snapshot entered.

**36** Prizes of 10/6 will be awarded to the senders of published snaps.

What was there about this girl that interested him so? His position, apart from his business, led him into the most exclusive society, where there were plenty of girls ready to return his interest in them—girls with all the polish that wealth and education could give them. Yet Vivian, with her mutinous face and air of unsophistication allied to her open defiance, was more attractive than any of them.

"You do hate me, don't you?" he asked suddenly.

She flushed scarlet. He had read her thoughts very accurately.

"Girls in my position can't afford to have private feelings," she answered bitterly.

He laughed at that.

"You have a very expressive face," he reminded her.

All her old dread revived again. Had her words been foolish? Perhaps he might withdraw the chance he held out.

"Well," he said. "Do you agree?"

She lifted her head as though meeting some intangible enemy.

"Yes," she said. "I agree—because I can't do anything else."

**T**HE scent of flowers drifted in through the open windows of the hotel bedroom where Vivian sat at the dressing-table, powdering her face before going down to dinner.

As she looked at herself in the oval mirror that flung back every detail of her beauty, she could not help realising her own loveliness.

The red-gold waves of her hair were like a flame against the jade-green perfection of the satin frock, that swept to her feet like a rippling sea about her slim silver shoes.

Flame-like too, were the orchids pinned against the whiteness of one shoulder—lovely flowers that somehow gave her a thrill of satisfaction.



It was a daring get-up, designed by a master-hand—Lance Hastings.

A sudden rush of colour stained her cheeks at the thought of him, and it was as though something warm and vital had been breathed into her being, turning her into a living breathing woman.

Yet it was dislike that made her flush, she told herself as she reached for her silver-and-green vanity bag—dislike of the man who held her in his power to dismiss her as he chose.

It was that which had robbed her of the pleasure of staying, during the past week, in the rich and unaccustomed surroundings of the Occident Hotel at Leamouth.

At any other time it would have been like a peep into Paradise knowing she could stay here, with nothing to do but wear the exquisite clothes that filled the long wardrobe at the side of the room.

But the dread of not fulfilling Lance Hastings' hopes, and of being out of a job shadowed everything. That and the wistful longing that he was there to see her in her borrowed plumes.

Again there came that betraying flood of colour to her cheeks. She raised her head a little defiantly.

Well, why not admit it? She *would* like Lance Hastings to see her now, to notice how men in the hotel openly admired her. She would like to watch the cynical indifference in his lazy blue eyes replaced by the warmer glow of admiration.

Then like a cold douche on her enthusiasm came the memory of his slow, drawling voice: "I have no interest in you outside the shop."

"I'm crazy," she told herself, and getting to her feet crossed the thick, beige carpet, and went out of the room, switching off the lights as she did so.

As she walked towards the lift, the luxury and glamour of the whole place caught her in its magic web.

This was life as it was meant to be lived, not that other drab existence to which she would have to return like Cinderella when the clock struck. The dreary round of going to and from work, eating in cheap cafés, never going anywhere, or seeing anyone, and faced with the prospect of being out of a job.

The softly lit lounge was filled with smart people, for the season had already begun, and she was thinking wistfully of her lonely table in the corner of the gold-and-white restaurant, when suddenly a hand was laid on her arm, and a voice said, coolly:

"Why, Miss Chard, what a delightful surprise!"

That voice—those lazy eyes into whose coldness there had suddenly leapt a flame—it couldn't be! But it was!

Lance Hastings himself stood there, immaculate in perfectly cut evening clothes, a head taller than any other man in the lounge!

For a moment she was silent, painfully conscious of her burning cheeks, and never guessing the thoughts going on behind those cynical eyes; not realising how the sight of her, so exquisite in her jade draperies, had fired something deep within him which he had thought dead long ago.

"Why, Mr. Hastings, how extraordinary!" she stammered. "I had no idea..."

He laughed genially, and cut her short, tightening his grip on her arm—a grip that set her pulses racing disturbingly.

"Of course you hadn't," he said. "I meant to take you by surprise. You are certainly a credit to me," he went on, lowering his voice. "Now come along—I want you to meet some friends of mine, who are staying here."

Feeling oddly excited she went with him across to where two people were sitting, a handsome elderly woman, and a girl whose dark beauty was enhanced by a frock of silver sequins that glittered like the body of a snake. Long diamond earrings flashed as she laughed and talked, diamonds as bright and as hard as her green eyes.

"Mrs. Layton," said Lance Hastings easily, "may I introduce Miss Chard, a friend whom I met here quite by chance? Vivian, this is Pauline, Mrs. Layton's daughter."

As Vivian nervously bowed to the elder woman, she had the uncomfortable impression that Pauline Layton's eyes were criticising her, and not too kindly.

"I'm so glad to meet any friend of Lance's," she said sweetly, but beneath the sweetness Vivian guessed at a sudden suspicion and dislike, a hard antagonism lying like a sword in the scabbard of social politeness. "Are you staying here for long?"

"For another week," Vivian said, as coolly as she could.

She felt vaguely uncomfortable and alarmed. Her employer's manner towards her—his sudden calling of her by her Christian name had taken her completely by surprise.

Why was he behaving in this way as though they were old friends, instead of employer and employee?

### She Had No Right to the Good Times He Was Giving Her!

THE question hammered in her brain during the dinner that followed. It was a gay affair, made amusing by Lance Hastings' charming conversation into which he drew her every time. But underneath she was conscious all the while of an undercurrent of something she could not understand.

Some instinct told her not to call him "Mr. Hastings"—an instinct that was rewarded later when he led her onto the crowded ballroom and swung her into the throng of dancers.

"You're a credit to me," he said again, his head bent so that his lips almost brushed the waves of her hair. "You've got brains as well as looks. You didn't mind my calling you Vivian, did you?"

"I'm not in the position to mind what you say or do," she told him.

She spoke more bitterly than she realised—perhaps because she felt her position so keenly, perhaps because of the touch of his arms about her and the knowledge that his eyes were seeking hers once again.

He gave the low, amused laugh she knew so well. "Neither are you," he said slowly. "And that being so, I should be obliged if you could bring yourself to forget my surname and continue to call



me Lance. It wouldn't be very difficult, would it? Of course it would only be for the time I'm here."

"How long is that?" she asked, wondering why her heart was racing so madly.

"For quite a week. Do you think you'll be able to put up with me?"

The words were spoken very low, and there was a caress in them she could not miss.

"Does it matter what I think?" she countered, hating herself for the sudden ridiculous longing to cry that had come to her.

He did not answer. He was realising with a sense of shock that he had no reply to her question.

What was there about this girl whose cool aloofness was so attractive? Quite suddenly he told himself that he was holding in his arms not someone whom he was using for an advertisement stunt, but the embodiment of his heart's desire—a girl with a velvet-white skin and eyes like stars drowned in moonlight; whose lips were a scarlet allure-scented, provocative . . .

He let her go abruptly as the music ended, his face hardening as though a mask hid his real feelings.

"No," he said curtly, "it doesn't matter what you think."

As they went back to the others, Pauline Layton's eyes were blazing angrily behind her great ostrich-feather fan.

She had been watching them jealously, and the look in Lance Hastings' face had not been lost on her.

Her hand clenched on the slender stick of the fan, almost breaking it.

So she had been right! He was interested in the other girl!

With an effort she forced a smile to her over-reddened lips as they came up to her.

"That's a good number, Lance," she said. "I love it. Ah, they're starting a tango—our old favourite. Do you remember? Let's dance it. You might make Miss Chard tired, she looks a little fagged now."

Words tipped with the barbs of venom—shafts that found their mark and set Vivian wondering.

Why did Pauline Layton dislike her? Why should she bother to be so openly hostile?

But it was perfectly true she was tired, tired by some new

emotion which she did not understand and which made her long to escape to her own room.

"I am feeling rather sleepy," she said. "I'll go up to bed now, I think. Good night."

She had gone, unconscious that Lance Hastings' eyes were following her until the swing doors of the ballroom hid her from view.

Up in her room she shut the door and crossing to the open window, stood gazing out across the sleeping garden.

The heavy scent of syringa drifted up to her—cloying, exquisite—part of the passion of the moonlight that was making a pathway of romance across the distant, silent sea.

A sigh escaped her. It was a night for love and lovers! And she was alone!

She passed an impatient hand across her eyes. What had she to do with such thoughts—she who was masquerading here in borrowed plumes, just a little shop assistant with no right even to the clothes she wore?

And why must Lance Hastings mock her, defer to her opinion when he knew it mattered nothing? Why had he come down here so unexpectedly?

She wished—oh, she didn't know what she wished, save to forget the memory of his arms holding her in the ballroom, of his eyes gazing down into hers.

With a sigh she turned back into the room, and slipping off her frock put on the jade green mara-



As she listened, Vivian realised that he had only made love to her to infuriate the Society girl to whom he had once been engaged.



PAULINE LAYTON stifled a yawn and flung down the society paper she was reading.

From where she sat on the broad balcony outside her suite she could command a clear view of the Leamouth front.

It was a lovely day—bright and clear and sunny, with the sunshine inviting bathing or boating parties, or motor drives for those guests in the hotel who had brought their own cars.

The long esplanade was thronged with people, and an endless succession of motor-cars flashed by. But Pauline's eyes were fixed only on a white

He knelt down at her side. If he lost her now, he could never forgive himself for the way he had treated her.



open roadster which was quickly moving out of sight towards the open country beyond—Lance Hastings' car!

She could see him sitting at the wheel—immaculate as ever in perfectly cut flannels, while beside him, a vivid figure in a white and orange-patterned frock, with a shady hat to match, was a girl.

Vivian Chard!

Pauline sat up abruptly, her rose-enamelled nails biting into the white palms of her hands.

That girl and Lance! They were always together—dining, dancing, motoring. Oh, it was sickening!

Pauline's red lips drew together in a hard, vicious line, as her thoughts took her back to those months—not so long ago—when Lance Hastings had been her constant companion.

To her it had been an "affaire" with a rich man that had been a very profitable one. She was incapable of loving anyone but herself, but she had pretended love for him, and into her greedy hands he had poured lavishly the money and jewels and the good times he had chosen to give her.

Then had come the day when she had faced the fact that his feelings were waning a little.

It had been a crushing blow to her vanity, and the secret hope that he was going to ask her to

marry him. When she had heard from him three weeks ago that he was coming down to Leamouth where she and her mother were staying for the summer, that hope had revived once more.

And this girl with her flame-gold hair, and big violet eyes had spoiled it all!

From the moment she had seen her, Pauline had recognised in the other a very real menace to all her secret plans. Lance had been charming to her, but not in the same way as to this admittedly attractive newcomer.

He called her Vivian, too. Where had they met, and how had their friendship prospered so swiftly?

With an impatient movement Pauline got to her feet, a slim and lovely figure in her vivid-patterned chiffon dress.

Who was the girl, and where did she come from?

Her dark brows drew together in a frown as she went into the shadowy sitting-room beyond and out into the hotel corridor.

There was something about Vivian Chard she could not understand—a slight awkwardness which did not match her expensive clothes and air of wealth.

Supposing . . .

Her eyes glittered as she stepped into the lift and was whirled down to the foyer. Well, she would find out what she could—and Luini, the manager, was the one man to help her.

As luck would have it, he was behind the bureau—a typical suave Italian, who bowed obsequiously as she appeared. Both she and her mother were good customers to him.

"Ah, Luini," she said casually, glancing round the crowded vestibule. "You're filling up. A lot of new arrivals!"

"But yes, madame," he smiled. "We are doing very well."

"May I look at the register?" she added idly.

"I want to see if I know any of them."



He was called to the telephone as he handed her the book, and the moment his back was turned she flicked over the pages . . . to the date when Lance Hastings had arrived.

Ah, there was his name in the bold, careless handwriting she knew so well. Room No. 67.

And there at the top of the previous page, as though written in letters of fire, was another entry:

*Miss Chard, London. Room No. 66.*

Pauline's hands were shaking a little as she closed the book, but the smile with which she returned it to Luini as he appeared was perfectly calm.

"Tell me," she asked in her husky voice which she knew how to make attractive, "who is this Miss Chard who is staying here? I met her the other night—a delightful girl, and so attractive. Has she been here before?"

A strange look of reserve came into the Italian's face—a look that was not lost upon Pauline.

"Never before," he confided.

"I believe she comes from London," she probed. "I wonder I have not seen her about in Town. She is too pretty and smart not to be in Society. I suppose she was recommended here by one of your clients. Perhaps Mr. Hastings?"

It was a shot at a venture, and to her amazement it struck home.

The Italian smiled.

"But yes, Madame. It was Mr. Hastings who arranged for her to stay."

"I see."

She smiled and sauntered languidly away from the bureau, to a quiet corner in the smoking-room where she could be undisturbed.

She was shaking with rage, and her brain was seething. So Lance had arranged for this girl's stay—and their rooms were next to each other!

Their meeting had not been a casual one as she had believed at first. He had known all along that the girl would be here.

What did it mean?

She had a pretty shrewd idea and before long she meant to make sure.

And if what she suspected were true she would make Lance pay for it!

### "Why Have You Been Avoiding Me?"

"TELL me, have you forgiven me?"

Lance Hastings blew a cloud of smoke idly into the air as he leant back against the upholstery of the car which stood in a quiet country lane.

For a moment Vivian did not answer. Her cheeks were burning at the recollection he had called up, the memory of that passionate moment when this man had held her in his arms and all the world had seemed to stand still at the touch of his lips on hers.

Her emotions had been chaotic in the hours that followed. She hated him, she hated herself—she longed to run away, to tell him that she would not endure such behaviour. But starvation awaited

her if she did that—and she could not, dared not face it.

So she had swallowed her pride and accepted his apology, forcing herself to meet him as though nothing had ever happened—going out with him and partnering him in the ballroom every night.

To herself she was beginning to admit that he was a charming companion. Not once again had he offended her in any way, and she was beginning to find a strange new happiness in their friendship that would come to an end all too soon.

"You haven't answered my question."

His lazy voice cut into her thoughts, and she looked up to find his gaze fixed on her with that disturbing stare that always roused a latent antagonism in her which she could not understand.

"There was nothing else for me to do," she reminded him, as coldly as she could.

To her surprise he flushed a little.

"You mean because I happen to be your employer?" he asked.

He was silent, and it was her turn to sit watching him, noticing the clear line of his mouth and jaw, the steely glint of his eyes.

Behind them, the hush of evening was descending over the gardens where they had stopped for tea. The hours had sped by in the enchanted sunny setting with its riot of flowers and drowsy peace. Now, with twilight approaching, a silence had settled over the countryside, wrapping it in a veil of mystery.

"We'd better be turning back," the man said curtly, "or we shall be late for dinner."

He put the car in gear and swung it back along the lane, turning into the main road that led to Leamouth.

As they flashed past cottages and farms, Vivian had the feeling that she was leaving something beautiful behind—as though for an instant some deep bond had been forged between them and then suddenly snapped.

Then she told herself not to be absurd. What tie could there be between them? And anyway, she hated him!

And the man was thinking: "She's lovely, exquisite! What a fool I was to frighten her!"

He brought the car to a halt by the entrance to the garage near the hotel, getting down and opening the door for her.

"If you don't mind walking up," he said, "I'll run her in now. It'll save time."

There was a curious tug at his heart as he watched her go, like some flower in her floating chiffon frock—a frock he had designed for some society girl. And she wore it like a princess.

It only took a few minutes to garage the car, and he was walking up through the shrubbery to the hotel when a girl suddenly rose from one of the seats dotted about the grounds and came towards him.

"Why, Lance!" she said in a slow, provocative drawl. "I thought you were going to cut me dead."

His brows drew down sharply. He was in no mood for a tête-à-tête with this girl, alone in the deserted grounds.





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**H**ERE is a story with a problem every girl will understand! What should a young bride-to-be do, when, having travelled thousands of miles to marry the man she loves, she finds him changed, dissolute, worthless; finds that there have been *other women in his life*; that he has been unfaithful, and all her dreams of Romance are trampled into the dust of disillusion?

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"Hullo, Pauline," he said carelessly. "Not changing for dinner? We shall be late, shan't we?"

Her eyes gazed languorously into his.

"I've been waiting for you," she said brazenly. "I saw you going out."

"That's very nice of you."

His cool, evasive tone maddened her. She moved a little nearer so that the elusive perfume she wore reached him in heavy waves.

"Lance," her voice was dangerously seductive, "why have you been avoiding me lately?"

**S**HE laid one hand on his arm, and in that moment he was amazed that her touch left him unmoved, although once it had had the power to thrill him madly.

He smiled down into her pleading eyes, seeing how beautiful she was—yet utterly impervious to it.

"I didn't know I had," he responded, with maddening coolness.

"Of course you have." Her control was slipping a little. "When I think of all we have been to each other in the past—"

"I'm sorry you feel like that about it," he said, in an attempt to calm her. "But what's fair for me is fair for you. You're beautiful—you surely have found someone else by now?"

"Don't try to flatter me!" she flung at him through clenched teeth, then gave a short little laugh. "I was a fool ever to believe in you—as foolish as that dressed-up doll you went out with this afternoon!"

"What are you saying?"

Anger like a black and terrible cloud swept down across his face. His hand closed on her white wrist like a vice.



"What are you saying?" he asked again.

His fury was a match to the fuel of her jealous pain, showing her the hopelessness of her own cause, showing her that she had lost him for ever.

"You'll cast her off as easily as you did me," she retorted.

"Are you referring to Miss Chard?" he demanded. "How dare you talk about her so insultingly!"

She gave a contemptuous laugh.

"Can one insult her?" she asked. "A girl whose rooms are next to yours, whose stay was booked here by you, and whose bills are paid by you?"

The last shaft was loosed at a venture, but it found its mark. To her amazement a dull flush rose beneath his tan.

"You don't deny it?" she demanded.

For one moment he surveyed her in grim silence, and then laughed harshly.

"Mind your own business!" he said. "Good night and good-bye."

He turned and left her where she was, a girl robbed of all she had battled to win back—of hope itself.

Then, as he strode round the shrubbery, he halted with a sudden exclamation.

There, facing him with scarlet cheeks and blazing eyes, stood Vivian Chard!

And as he faced her he knew that she had overheard everything that had passed between him and Pauline!

### Through Him She Had Lost Her Good Name! Could She Still Love Him?

"WHAT are you doing here?"

There was a sharp note almost of consternation in Lance Hastings' voice as he spoke.

Vivian drew a quick breath, her hands clenching at her sides. Her face showed like a white mask in which her eyes flashed with the hard brilliance of diamonds.

"Why shouldn't I be here?" she countered.

"The gardens are free to all."

"Wait!" he demanded harshly, "what did you hear?"

She drew a step nearer to him, staring furiously up into his grim face.

"I heard enough to tell me the truth," she replied. "That your real reason for bringing me down to this hotel was to play me off against Pauline Layton, whom you once loved."

"It was nothing to you that the worst construction would be placed on your so-called friendship for me—that my good name would be sacrificed. Nothing mattered save that you should get what you wanted—your freedom. And I was the price—I, the shop girl who means less than nothing to you."

"No, no!" he protested quickly. "You are wrong, mistaken—"

"Mistaken?" she cried in fierce scorn. "Was I mistaken a few minutes ago when I heard what

Pauline Layton said to you about me—the vile way she spoke of our friendship—yours and mine—my hotel bill which she is certain you pay. Oh," she sobbed, clenching her hands, "it's wicked, shameful. And you allowed her to think it—to believe—"

"Believe what?"

His hands had seized her arms, gripping them hard. His face, white and tense, was bent down to hers.

She looked back at him, all her wounded soul shining in her dilated eyes. At that moment she longed to strike him across the face.

"She believes what everyone else in the hotel believes—thanks to you," she answered chokingly, "that you are—keeping me."

A queer little silence fell between them—a silence in which she felt the shamed blood rise in a burning wave from her chin to the roots of her hair.

She had put it into the words, the degrading thing that filled her with furious indignation, yet at the same time held a mad, sweet longing—a longing which she didn't understand.

Something of it seemed to rack the man who was staring down at her. Quite suddenly his pulses began to race.

How exquisite she was as she stood there, her big eyes two dark pools in her white face, her hair a flame about her small head!

She was close to him—so close that he could feel the warm softness of her slender body, see the disdainful curve of her lips—crimson, alluring, sweet . . .

Into his mind sprang the tempting recollection of the night he had taken her in his arms, the kiss he had claimed, caring nothing for her protests . . .

Almost before he knew it his arms had gone round her, crushing her to him.

"I love you," he whispered, his mouth finding hers. "I think I have always loved you."

VIVIAN lay motionless in his embrace, trying to shut her ears to his pleading voice. Her treacherous heart was throbbing with a new, sweet joy, urging her to fling her arms round his neck and pull his head close to hers.

But only for a fleeting second. The next she had torn herself free, drawing back from him in horrified disgust of him—and of herself.

"How dare you!" she panted. "How dare you offer me the final insult? After what I heard this evening love such as yours would be a degradation. Men like you don't know the real meaning of love. To you it is just so much amusement to be bought and paid for. I will never forgive the wrong you have done me. I hate you—do you understand—hate you, and I never want to see you again."

With a gasping cry she rushed past him, running wildly along the path that led out of the hotel grounds to the cliff beyond.

In her despair she took no heed of the danger that lay ahead—of his warning cry that echoed after her.

She only knew the desperate need to get away from him—from the maddening attraction of his handsome eyes, and deep, passionate voice.

Her lips were still tingling from his kisses—fierce

(Continued on page 14.)



# Moving Day for Marlene

And for Dick Barthelmess—A Star Who Doesn't  
Like Hollywood.

Here is Dick Barthelmess in the living-room of one of the two homes he has let so that he can economise!



**E**VEN the film stars are economising. Dick Barthelmess, although he makes about £1,400 a week, has given up his palatial Beverly Hills mansion and his Malibu beach home.

They have been let for high rentals, and Dick, now living in a flat, is adding to his savings at a fast rate.

**H**ERE'S one new star who is defying screenland's social rules. Karen Morley is her name, and so far she has made no friends amongst the film folks, goes to none of the social activities, and keeps to herself.

"She can't hope to ever be a success acting like that," is Hollywood's opinion.

A few years ago Hollywood said the same thing of another newcomer, Greta Garbo, who wasn't interested in social life.

But Greta won fame just the same. So will Karen, who, incidentally, acts with Greta in *Mata Hari*.

**W**HEN Marlene Dietrich moved recently, and told nobody her new address, she was accused by the film colony of copying Greta Garbo, who always hides her whereabouts.

Marlene, however, had a different reason for changing her address. Her little daughter Maria has been threatened by kidnappers and Marlene is taking no chances where Maria's safety is concerned.

**T**ALLULAH BANKHEAD'S secret wish is to appear tall and imposing. Long, cleverly cut gowns make Tallulah seem tall on the screen, but she hides the fact that she is really only five foot two, very carefully.

Nothing pleases Tallulah more than to be described as "the tall Miss Bankhead."

**T**HE sight of Wallace Beery window-gazing outside a children's dress shop amazed the film colony recently.

Wallace spends a lot of his spare time that way nowadays, buying things for his little adopted daughter, Caroline.

## Did You Know

**T**HAT Mary Pickford once worked in a sixpenny store? Having a store girl part to play in a film, she disguised herself by wearing false teeth, and found out what the job was like in real life.

That Pola Negri has never tasted coffee? She dislikes the odour of it. And that she also sleeps with a revolver under her pillow?

That Joan Crawford always wears a pair of worn out bedroom slippers when acting in a talkie? Except, of course, in those scenes where her full length figure, and feet are seen; on these occasions she changes into fashionable high heels.

**A**T last Greta Garbo has commented on Marlene Dietrich, hailed by the Press as her rival.

"This newspaper talk is not at all necessary," the Swedish siren says. "She is much too good an actress to be compared with anybody."

Marlene, who has never met Garbo yet, must say thank you, very nicely, for this is a compliment indeed.

ALFRED CONRAD.



## IN THE POWER OF A BRUTE

(Continued from page 12.)

possessive kisses, the memory of which would linger with her while life lasted.

Suddenly beneath her feet loomed the edge of the cliff—far below the sea murmured against the rocks.

With a sobbing cry she flung out her arms and disappeared.

## Why Had He Risked His Life For Her?

WHEN next Vivian struggled back to consciousness, it was to find herself lying in bed in a small shadowy room. Perfect silence reigned, save for the soft croon of a bird that floated in through the open window. Over all drifted the faint, sweet scent of flowers.

For a moment she gazed dimly at the unfamiliar surroundings, the bare distempered walls, wondering where she was, what had happened.

Her head felt heavy, and her whole body ached. Her left hand too, was oddly numb and powerless.

In a vague way she stared at it, lying outside the coverlet—puzzled to understand the white bandages that made it a shapeless bundle. Had she been hurt or met with an accident?

Then utter consciousness returned, bringing memory with it, and a great and bitter anguish filled her soul.

Everything was coming back to her: the scene with Lance Hastings in the hotel garden—her furious anger against him—that mad, intoxicating moment when she had been held prisoner in his arms quivering beneath the burning ardour of his kisses, followed by her wild dash along the path to the cliff's edge.

Weak tears rushed to her eyes. A strangled sob broke from her, and at the sound someone came swiftly from the back of the bed, and leaned over her.

"Is the pain very bad?" asked a quiet voice. Vivian shook her head, gazing up at the calm face framed in a nurse's cap.

"Where am I?" she asked feebly.

"In a nursing home," was the reply. "Don't try to talk. It would be better if you rested."

"But please tell me what happened—who brought me here?" persisted Vivian. "I can't rest until I know."

"You had an accident," answered the nurse, thinking it better to humour her. "You fell over the cliff and only escaped being killed by landing on a ledge among some bushes which broke your fall. Luckily a friend of yours saw what had happened and gave the alarm."

"In spite of the risk to himself, Mr. Hastings insisted on being lowered by ropes and bringing you up. Twice he failed, but at last he succeeded though he was hurt by a piece of falling cliff. It was at his order that you were brought here. That was three days ago. Since then he has called continually to ask after you and sent the most lovely roses."

Roses! That was the explanation of the exquisite

perfume she had noticed. And they had been sent by Lance Hastings—the man who had risked his life to rescue her!

Again the tears filled her eyes, and when she blinked them away she saw that the nurse had crossed the room and was talking softly to someone beyond the half-open door.

It was Lance Hastings!

With swift, quiet tread he moved to the bed, looking down at her with eyes that held a great relief.

"Thank God you are better," he said huskily. "The nurse has allowed me to see you for a few minutes and to give you these."

He laid a sheaf of dark red roses on the bed as he spoke. But Vivian scarcely heeded them.

Her gaze was fixed on his right arm that was held in a sling—the arm he had injured when he had rescued her.

The sight of it increased her mental suffering.

"Why did you bring me back?" she wailed.

"Why didn't you let me die? There was nothing to live for..."

"For Heaven's sake don't talk like that." He had dropped to his knees beside her, his left hand closing over hers. "There's everything to live for. You must get well—for my sake."

"For your sake!" She repeated the words in a whisper. Her heart, which had felt dead, suddenly began to throb with a new, quick vigour. "Why, I don't understand—"

"Don't you?" he asked gently. "Must I tell you again that I love you, and that I can't live without you? In that awful moment when I saw you disappear over the cliff I felt that everything had ended for me. My one thought was to save you—to get you back."

"Which you did at the risk of your own life," she interposed, tremulously. "Your arm is badly hurt."

"That is nothing," was the almost impatient answer. "It is you that matter—you that I need. Oh, my sweetheart," he whispered, his voice breaking. "I have been through hell these last few days, never knowing whether you were going to slip away from me. My anxiety has punished me for the callous way I have treated you. I never realised when I brought you down here that you would be open to scandal. And then when Pauline suggested all those vile things I thought not to contradict her was the best way to get rid of her. Once again I ask you to forgive me, to let me shield you in the future with my love—if you think that you could learn to care..."

"No, I could never learn." Tears sounded in her voice, though her eyes were shining like stars. Then as a look of panic swept his face, she put up her hands and drew his head down to hers.

"I could never learn," she breathed, "because I love you already, and shall love you always."

"WHAT HIS LOVE MEANT" is the intriguing title of next week's complete long novel. Here is a passionate romance that will stir you as few stories can. It will live on in your memory long after you have read it. ORDER NEXT SATURDAY'S ISSUE NOW!



Begin This Passionate  
Serial Here.

15



ONE HOUR of love, of passion, of moonlight and rapture, when a girl gave all the love of her heart to a man. AND THEN REGRET: the bitter, humiliating regret of knowing that he had only regarded her as a pretty toy whose love could be bought!

"I've always loved you—I love you still."

Jill could hardly realise that Guy Clifford was really standing there; really believing her innocence at last.

So many people had blackened her character in his eyes. Rich Anderson, his cousin, who hadn't wanted Guy, wealthy and famous, to marry a sixpenny-store girl. Gwen Farraday, of Guy's own class, who wanted Guy herself. Drake Meredith, who had offered Jill everything but a wedding ring. Even Cicely Fenshaw, once her own friend, who saw in Jill's tangled love affair a way to step into society herself.

But now Rick Anderson was ill and had confessed to Guy that he had falsely accused Jill. Gwen, a few hours Guy's bride, was dead, after a fatal accident. And now Guy had come back to her.

"Guy," she whispered. "Oh, Guy!"

At that moment there was a knock at the door. A telegraph boy, with a telegram for Jill, stood outside. As she read the words of the message Jill whitened, remembering, with a sudden rush of terror, that she was not free to love Guy.

Remembering that, to quieten Cicely who had heard Guy and his bride quarrelling and threatened

to tell the police of the quarrel, she had been forced to promise herself to Drake for one thousand pounds, the price of Cicely's silence.

She read the telegram slowly.

*We leave for Paris to-night. Don't forget your promise.* DRAKE.

That night Jill left with Drake for Paris. There was no other thing to do; but she left with terror in her heart, and despair.

Terror because she had to go through with her bargain. Despair because Guy had found out what she was doing, but didn't know why!

The next night Jill married Drake, in a tiny hospital ward in Paris, where he lay, dying the doctors said, without ever fulfilling her promise to him.

In a café brawl, soon after their arrival, Drake had been injured, and as he lay on his death bed he had begged her to marry him.

"You might as well have my fortune Jill... don't refuse my last request."

So she had married him. Married him, and then found that he would live to make her his wife in more than name only.

Terrified by the ordeal that still lay ahead of her,

by  
*Jasmine Day*



news came to her that Guy lay seriously injured in hospital.

She didn't know that Cicely had told him why she herself had gone away with Drake. She didn't know that that was why, reckless, heartbroken, he had driven his car so carelessly that he had crashed.

She rushed to England, to his side, to be told that, his mind wandering, he thought that she was his wife.

"WHAT?" Jill almost dropped the small suitcase she was carrying. "You mean Guy thinks I'm his wife?"

The matron nodded. "Yes." She smiled slightly and added, "You're not by any chance, are you? We were wondering if, perhaps, it wasn't a secret wedding."

Jill shook her head. A queer sense of desolation stole over her. If only she had been! How glad, how proud she would have been to admit it!

"No, I'm not his wife, Matron."

"Patients suffering from concussion get queer illusions," the matron went on. "And when they're in such a dangerous state as Mr. Clifford it's best to let them keep their illusions—for the moment, at any rate. The doctor and I were talking it over this morning. We felt, even if you weren't his wife, it would be best if you let him think that you were—until he is out of danger, at any rate. Time enough then to disillusion him. And probably by that time he will know the truth for himself. But just now we think that to disillusion him might seriously endanger his very life." She paused a moment, then went on resolutely, "You will help us in this, won't you, Miss Cooper?"

Jill felt tortured. She had never felt more tortured in her life. To have to pretend to be Guy's wife. Oh, the hurting, bitter irony of it!

It was then that the matron noticed the wedding ring on Jill's finger. Her eyes opened wide in surprise. "But I see you are already married, Miss Cooper."

Jill nodded listlessly. "Yes, I'm Mrs. Meredith now."

"In that case," the matron began, "I don't suppose you'd care to. Your husband..."

But Jill broke in on her desperately: "Oh Matron, don't you realise I'd do anything... anything in the world for Guy?"

She turned abruptly away. Tears were welling in her eyes. But she mustn't break down. She mustn't. Not when Guy's very life was at stake.

The matron touched her gently on the shoulder. "Dear child, I'm sorry. What a wretched muddle life can be! And I'll quite understand if, under the circumstances, you'd rather not be party to any such subterfuge."

"But I'll do it, Matron," Jill said brokenly. "It doesn't matter about me. And, as you say, when he is stronger he can be told the truth."

"He appears quite himself in every other way," the older woman told her, as she led Jill inside. "But, of course, he doesn't remember anything for weeks—months perhaps—prior to the accident. That's another thing you'll have to humour him in."

Jill nodded again without speaking. She felt too emotionally exhausted to talk. The long, tiring trip, then this on top of it.

"You'll be able to stay in the hospital for the next few days," the matron was saying. "We may need you any time. Mr. Clifford's condition is very critical, you know. I'll see that one of the sisters gets a room ready for you. And now," she smiled faintly, "I must go and break the good news to Mr. Clifford that you've come."

### Not His Wedding Ring That She Wore!

JILL's emotions were chaotic as she waited for the matron to call her into the sick-room. To have to pretend that she was Guy's wife! What a bitter mockery of what might have been! But she must do her part well. The doctor had told her that Guy's life depended upon it. She forced a smile to her lips. She wasn't going to be a weakling. She was going to play up!

Then the matron came for her.

Jill paused on the threshold of the room where Guy lay. *Could that be Guy, so thin, so white, his head swathed in bandages?* But, of course, it was! His blue-grey eyes were smiling straight across into hers—as he used to smile at her! His lips were twisted slightly in the old crooked smile, but what a wealth of tenderness and love lay behind it! And as she hesitated there, he stretched out his arms to her.

"Jill... little lovely wife," he whispered. "Jill, why have they been keeping you from me?"

Then she was in his arms, held close to him. Her face was pressed against his shoulder. She was glad of that, because she couldn't keep back the tears any longer. She loved him so!

"They tell me I had an accident while I was driving at Brooklands," he told her. "I don't quite remember. Some things seem hazy, darling. Why have they kept you away from me? You, my wife? Why weren't you here early this morning when I regained consciousness? You were the only one I wanted to see, Jill!"

"They—they had to send for me," she faltered. "You see I wasn't there when the accident happened."

He held her closer. "Thank God for that, sweetheart. But now it's all right, isn't it? You're here and I'm going to get better. I couldn't help getting better with you here, sweetheart. Everything is all right, isn't it?" He seemed oddly insistent upon that point.

"Of course, everything is all right," she murmured. But her voice was choked.

"Then why are you crying?" he demanded, suddenly.

"I'm—I'm not crying!"

"But you are, darling. I can feel your tears on my face. You're happy in my love, aren't you, Jill? You're not sorry you married me, are you, my precious? You do love me?"

"Love you?" Suddenly she was clinging tightly



to him. "Oh, my dearest, I adore you, worship you!"

He sighed faintly and relaxed on the pillows. "Then everything is all right."

"Of course, sweetheart." She forced a cheerful note into her voice. She sat down beside him on the bed and stroked his hair. How often had her fingers ached to do that in the past months. He caught her fingers and pressed them to his lips.

"Oh, my darling, how happy you make me," he whispered.

Again the tears rose in her throat, choking her so that she couldn't speak. She thought: "Dear God, thank you for this much happiness. It's something . . . it will always be something to remember through the empty years."

Presently the nurse entered softly on tiptoe and beckoned to her to leave the room. Guy was asleep. He had fallen asleep with Jill's hand tightly clasped in his, as a child might have done. Just before leaving the room she knelt by the bedside and kissed his forehead.

"I love you so much. I shall always love you," she whispered.

Outside in the matron's private sitting-room, Rick Anderson was waiting to see her. He had come down from Town by car that morning.

Jill didn't smile when he greeted her. She couldn't forgive him for that letter he had written. That letter which had been the cause of all her and Guy's misery. And he sensed this.

He said awkwardly: "I've heard what you're doing. The matron's told me. It's—it's awfully fine of you."

She said in a quiet low voice, "I would do anything for Guy's sake—you must know that."

A slight flush rose to his temples. "I know it now. I—I suppose it's no use apologising for what I did, for that letter I wrote you." His lips twisted slightly. "Some things are too grave for even an apology."

She said quietly, "It's quite all right." But it wasn't easy to say that. It would never be easy to forgive him for what he had done to her life.

"If there is anything I can do?"

She shook her head. "It's too late now." Her lips were stiff.

The matron came in to say that Guy was asking for her again. She straightened herself instinctively.

"Very well, Matron."

"It must be awful for you," he muttered.

"If it is awful, it's Heaven, too," she whispered. And she smiled.



How could she tell him that he had no right to her love—that she was another man's bride?

**D**RAKE left the hospital at eight-thirty the night that Jill had left for London. He stopped the taxi-cab at a florists and bought a huge bouquet of flowers.

The little French shopgirl smiled at him encouragingly. "They are for a lovely lady?" she murmured.

Drake smiled back at her. His dark brown eyes glowed eagerly. "They are for my bride," he replied.

He was impatient all the way to the hotel. She would be there, wouldn't she? She couldn't have disobeyed his instructions and gone out. What a night it would be! What a night of love! Queer he had never wanted a girl as he now wanted this little dark-haired girl he had married.

Married? That was ironical, wasn't it? He wondered now if he would have married her had he not thought himself dying. Probably he wouldn't have! A proximity to death can make even the sanest man sentimental, he had discovered.

But married or no, the thought that she would

(Continued on page 21.)



# Honeymoon Hotel

HAVE you ever thought about the life that goes on behind the doors of a big hotel?

I don't mean the smooth-running, luxury existence of every day, with the round of perfectly served meals, the spacious, lavishly appointed rooms, the weekly dances in the hotel ballroom, and the whole well-ordered glamour of it all; but the hidden, pulsing life of human emotions which runs beneath the surface like a turbulent current under a blue and placid sea.

I dare say you would think that nothing very much could happen to people staying for a few days at a well-known hotel such as, for instance, the Royal, at a very famous English seaside resort, and if you do I could tell you how wrong you are.

You see, I happen to work at the Royal, which, by the way, I am going to call "Honeymoon Hotel"—because it is such a favourite with young bridal couples.

My name is Beryl Mears, and I am employed there as a reception clerk.

At first, before I went there, I was afraid that I might find the job dull.

I imagined that all I should have to do would be to book rooms for visitors, and hand out keys, and enter dry facts and figures in ledgers, and answer questions about trains and time-tables and taxicabs and all the hundred and one things that people on holiday want to know.

I have all that to do, of course, and other things beside, but as for finding it dull—well, I can only say that I have now been there for three years and I wouldn't exchange my job for any other in the world.

Some of you may know the Royal, a big, red-brick building facing the sea and almost at the end of the long promenade, gay with flower-beds and window-boxes, with a wide carriage drive sweeping up to the main entrance.

It stands there, smiling and complacent, a temporary home for pleasure-seeking holiday-makers, but beneath that smiling face it turns to the world, there lies a tangled network of drama and romance, of comedy and tragedy, and love and hate, and I am going to tell you of some of the real-life dramas that have been enacted there before my eyes, dramas that none save those who took part in them have known to this day.

One day, during the busiest time of the summer season, a young man and a girl approached the reception counter behind which, enclosed by four walls of mahogany and glass, is the little office where I work.

I came forward to receive them, and the young man coloured as he addressed me.

"Could you—I mean, have you any double rooms vacant?" he stammered.

Glancing from him to the girl, it wasn't very hard to guess the reason for his nervousness. She was very pretty and very young, and on her ungloved hand there gleamed a bright new wedding ring.

"Yes, I think so," I smiled, and I pulled forward a big ledger and consulted it. "We are rather full up just at present, but I can offer you No. 113 on the second floor. It is a very nice room facing the sea, and I think you would like it. For how long would you require it?"

"Oh, about a week. That will do splendidly. Can we go up and see it now?"

"Did you say a hundred-and-thirteen?" The girl puckered her pretty white forehead and pulled at the young man's sleeve. "Not thirteen, Jack! It's unlucky!"

She turned to me.

"Haven't you any other rooms?"

"Well, there's only a hundred-and-nineteen that is coming vacant in a few hours," I replied. "But I'm afraid you wouldn't like it so well. It is at the back and is much smaller. A hundred-and-thirteen is very nice and has a balcony, too."

The young man laughed.

"Why, Biddy, don't be a little goose!" he exclaimed. "What in the world do you imagine is going to happen?"

He added, for my benefit:

"She's Irish, so I suppose she can't help being superstitious. I think we'll take No. 113, thank you."

"Very good. I'll send a page to show you up straight away. Will you sign, please."

I opened the register in front of him and he wrote, very proudly, I thought, "Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon."

Suddenly the girl caught his arm again.

"No, Jack!" She drew a quick little breath. "Let's have the other room, please! Perhaps I'm silly, but—oh, I can't explain!"

He looked at her, and laughed again, gently. "Why, darling! All right, then, if you feel that way about it!"

Just at that moment the telephone rang and I asked him to excuse me while I attended to it. When I had replaced the receiver I said:

"I'm sorry, but that was the occupant of 119 phoning down to say he is keeping the room on. There is only 113 now. I'm ever so sorry."

"That's all right," he assured me. "Come along, Biddy, I don't suppose the ceiling will fall down on us or anything!"

And he took her arm and led her off to where the page stood waiting to take them up. I watched them, smiling a little.

They couldn't have been married more than a few hours, and from the bottom of my heart I wished them happiness.

They were both so young and so obviously in love with each other, yet the girl looked so unhappy as he led her away that I found myself wishing that they hadn't to have the room with "13" in it after all!

I HAVE never been superstitious and I am not now, but I must admit that I experienced a queer sensation later in the day.

Of course, it hadn't anything to do with the "13," but—well, the fact remains that it was one of those uncanny coincidences that rather shock one.

Jack Dixon went out to book some seats for a concert party on the pier for that night. He had only just to cross the road, for the

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pier stands practically opposite the Royal, and in those few minutes a car, turning too sharply out of one of the side streets leading to the front, caught him and knocked him senseless.

I felt my heart give a sickening jerk as they carried him in. Blood was flowing from an ugly wound on his temple, and one arm hung awkwardly, and I thought, with a pang, of the little bride waiting upstairs in the room with the "13" in its number.

Through the crowd of people that gathered in the lounge I saw the manager making his way towards me.

"Miss Mears," he said, "I've told them to carry this young man into your office. It's quiet there and out of the way. We can't have our guests upset. Phone through to Doctor Clark's apartment and ask him if he would be kind enough to attend to him."

"Very good, Mr. Ellison," I replied.

I did as he bade, and when the doctor

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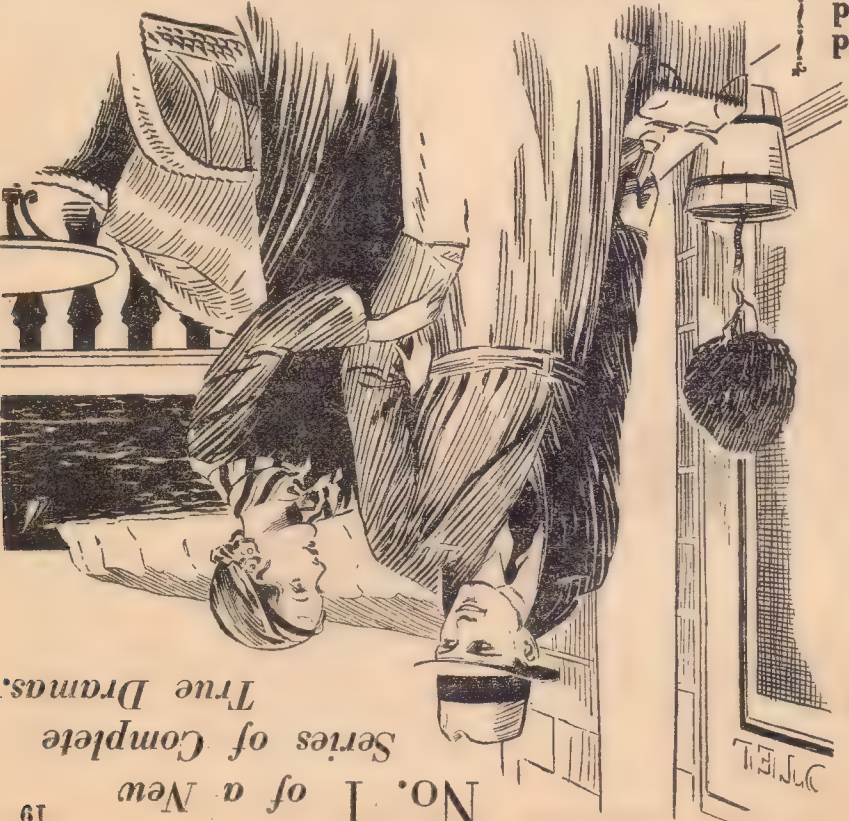
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arrived. I could see that his face was grave as he bent over the motionless figure they had laid on the office couch. "Pretty bad concussion, and a broken arm," was his report at last. "He's staying here, isn't he? Don't move him to his room for a while—I'll set the arm where he is. Help me get his coat off," he added to me. I obeyed, and then, while the broken limb was being set, I left my assistant in charge and made my way to Room 113.

I suppose the girl saw from my face that there was something wrong when she opened the door to me, for she went paper-white. "Something's happened!" she breathed. "What is it? Jack? He's been gone so long—" "You must be brave," I said gently. "He has met with an accident. They have taken him to my office and the doctor is with him. If you'd like to come down—" She nodded dumbly, then her white lips moved and she whispered: "I knew something would happen—I knew it, I knew it!"

The doctor was forcing some liquid between Jack Dixon's lips as we entered the room. In order to avoid the infliction of suffering on persons still living, all the names of the people who figure in this narrative have been changed. The narrative is printed as originally written, but the names of the characters concerned are purely fictitious.

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"Let me know when Mr. Dixon comes, and I'll come down to see him."

I couldn't help feeling a little curious. Of course, she was terribly upset, naturally, but apart from that I knew it had cost her a most tremendous effort to send that wire to Jack Dixon's father, and I wondered why.

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He was a grim-faced, prosperous-looking man of middle age, and I guessed at once who he was before he had given his name.

"How is my son?" he said gruffly.

"They've taken him up to his room now. At first the doctor wouldn't let him be moved, so perhaps that's a good sign," I said encouragingly. "There's a nurse with him. I'll 'phone up and tell Mrs. Dixon you are here."

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In less than five minutes she came down, and I saw with surprise that she was wearing a hat and coat and carried a suitcase. She had been crying, but she was stonily composed as she faced the old man's piercing, steely eyes.

"How is he?" he demanded tersely.

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A tragic smile twisted her pale mouth.

"Well, I—I wasn't. We weren't married. He—he didn't care for me that much after all, but because I loved him I asked him for a week of his life—to remember. That's the reason for the wedding-ring, and—and everything. That's all! I'm going now you've come, and you needn't be afraid I'll ever trouble you again. I—I just wanted you to know."

With a little choking sob she turned away, and just at that moment the doctor entered the lounge and stopped her.

"Mrs. Dixon," he said gently. "You're to go upstairs. He's conscious and asking for you."

She went very white.

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The doctor looked puzzled.

"Dying? No, he's not dying," he said quietly. "Quite the contrary, I'm glad to say. And it is you he wants. Mr. Dixon can see him later."

I have never seen anything so wonderful as the look that came into her face.

"But I thought," she stammered, "I thought—"

She broke off. The colour came back to her face as though life had been breathed into something frozen.

"Better go," said old Dixon gruffly, and she stared at him, and then obeyed without a word.

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The young man's coat, that we had cut away from the broken arm, was still there, and I picked it up and made a little heap of the things that were in the pockets.

Suddenly I found myself looking at a paper I held, and at last I said:

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"Would you have me taken up to Mrs. Drake Meredith's suite?" he said curtly.

"What name, sir?" asked the clerk.

Drake permitted himself a faint smile. "I'm Mr. Drake Meredith. I've just come out of hospital."

The clerk looked surprised.

"Mrs. Meredith left for London this evening," he said. "If you are Mr. Meredith she left a note here to be sent round to the hospital."

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But when, shortly after noon next day, he reached the old flat in Brixton, it was to discover that Cicely was no longer there.

"This district's not good enough for her since she's come into money," the woman downstairs told him. "Moved up Mayfair way, that Cicely Fenshaw has."

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Cicely perched herself on the corner of the table. "Didn't she give any excuse for leaving you?"

Drake shrugged. "Something about someone dying . . . relative, perhaps."

*(Continued on next page.)*

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Colour .....

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"Someone dying," Cicely repeated slowly. The next moment a cunning flash lit her eyes. She had a fair idea where Jill was to be found! But she proceeded cautiously.

"Don't know who it could be at the moment. But I *might* find out." And she gazed up at him expectantly with her big blue eyes.

Drake's lips twitched ironically. He was no fool himself and he knew she was no fool.

"If a platinum wrist-watch studded with diamonds would interest you..."

Cicely blew a thin spiral of smoke up to the ceiling. "It might!"

"It's yours, my dear—when you tell me where Jill is to be found."

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# Millionaire

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## ONE HOUR—AND THEN REGRET!

*(Continued from previous page.)*

"Someone dying," Cicely repeated slowly. The next moment a cunning flash lit her eyes. She had a fair idea where Jill was to be found! But she proceeded cautiously.

"Don't know who it could be at the moment. But I *might* find out." And she gazed up at him expectantly with her big blue eyes.

Drake's lips twitched ironically. He was no fool himself and he knew she was no fool.

"If a platinum wrist-watch studded with diamonds would interest you..."

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## ONE HOUR—AND THEN REGRET!

(Continued from previous page.)

him. "That was our night of honeymoon, wasn't it? It must have been, but after that..."

"Don't let's talk about anything. You know you're not strong enough," Jill interposed quickly.

"I'm perfectly strong enough to tell you how much I love you!" he laughed back at her.

There was a discreet cough from the doorway. The matron stood there, beckoning to her. Jill excused herself and went into the room beyond. She was surprised to see how agitated the older woman appeared.

"There's—there's someone to see you," she stammered. "I—I don't quite know how to tell you—"

Jill stiffened instinctively. "Who is it?" she asked.

"Your husband, Mr. Drake Meredith," the matron gasped out.

Jill went ghastly white for a moment. She steadied herself against the doorway.

"My husband!" she muttered.

The matron nodded. "He seems furious about something, too," She wrung her hands and added, "Oh, my dear, I hope in the interests of my patient, I haven't persuaded you into anything you'll regret!"

Jill touched her hand. She smiled faintly. "I'll never regret anything—if it has helped Guy," she said quietly.

"But it has," the matron said eagerly. "The doctor swears it has saved his life. But, oh dear, if he had to know *now*, just when he's started on the road to recovery, it may undo all the good the deception has done him. It may throw him right back to where he was before!"

"He won't know now—not if I can help it," Jill said grimly.

"But your husband," the matron faltered.

"Oh yes, Drake. I'd better go and see him, hadn't I? Where have you put him?"

"In my private sitting-room," the matron told her, "and you can stay in there as long as you like. You won't be disturbed."

JILL held her head high as she walked towards the door of the matron's private sitting-room. Her steps didn't falter either. But she was taut with nervous dread. She thought, "I'd rather die than go through that door." Yet she knew she had to. She had to face Drake bravely—for Guy's sake! She must remember that his very life perhaps hung in the balance.

Drake was standing staring out of the window when she opened the door. But he swung towards her immediately. His thin face was dark with anger. He had difficulty in controlling his voice.

"Well, so this is where I find you, my dear!"

"I told you in that note someone was dying."

"You didn't tell me it was Mr. Guy Clifford, did you?"

"No. But don't you see I *had* to go, Drake? His life was in danger. He was calling for me."

"And it didn't matter about *me*, I suppose? You didn't care about my disappointment when I

rushed round to the hotel that night, eager for my bride, only to find you gone."

"But, Drake, I didn't know you were coming," she faltered.

"No? And even if you had, would it have made any difference?" There was a distinct sneer in his voice.

She didn't reply. And in the silence he grew openly impatient.

"Tell me. Would it have made any difference?"

"No, I don't believe it would," she answered quietly. "Nothing would have made any difference—when I thought Guy was dying."

"That means you love him? A nice thing for a husband to hear, isn't it?"

She sank down on to a chair. She was so very tired suddenly. She clenched her shaking hands. "Oh, but you've always known I loved him, haven't you? I've never really made any secret of it—except to Guy!"

"Then why did you marry me? For my money, I suppose!"

She sprang to her feet. A hot colour whipped her face. "That's unfair! You know you begged me to marry you. You begged me to do so when you thought you were dying. I would never have married you otherwise!"

Her fierce attack silenced him suddenly. He even felt a little ashamed of himself.

"But you were willing enough to come away with me to Paris," he said presently.

"Yes, to repay you for the money I borrowed from you," she said through clenched teeth.

"Is that *all*, Jill? Didn't you love me at all?" And then, as though furious with himself for his sudden softness, he cried, "And what do I find out when I get here? Not only did you leave me and rush back to *his* bedside, but you actually had the audacity to pass yourself off as his wife!"

Jill's cheeks coloured. But she answered resolutely, "I haven't passed myself off as his wife, Drake. Everyone in the hospital knows I'm not his wife. It's—it's only Guy who thinks I am!"

"Only Guy who thinks you are!" he mimicked her ironically. He added venomously, "And why should he think my wife is his?"

"Don't you understand he was ill—delirious," she cried. "When I came he—he was so happy; the doctors thought it as much as his reason was worth to disillusion him!"

"I see," he said curtly. "A very pretty little game you've been playing. And where do I, the *real* husband, come into all this, pray?"

"But he's ill—dangerously ill." She wrung her hands in despair. "Don't you see, that makes all the difference?"

"No, I don't," he snapped back at her. "I think it's a lot of damned folly. I refuse to allow that man to think you're his wife. You'll have to tell him the truth at once. This very minute!"

"But, Drake"—it was a cry of despair on her lips. "Don't you see it may kill him? I refuse to do it. Nothing would persuade me to!"

"Then I shall," he said grimly. "I shall tell him myself just whose wife you happen to be!"



He moved towards the door, but she flung herself in front of it.

"Don't, Drake! Have you no pity, no mercy? I tell you it may kill him. If you don't believe me, ask the Matron, ask the doctors."

"What do I care about them? Get away from that door!"

"Listen, Drake, if you have no feeling for him—if you hate him as much as that—then won't you do it for my sake? Won't you give him just a few days to get strong enough to hear the truth? Won't you be merciful in this? I—I swear I won't let him make love to me. I won't even let him kiss me."

Suddenly he threw back his head. "It's a bargain, then. I'll give you three more days of this deception, and then you're mine. Do you understand that? Mine for always. We'll start on our real honeymoon in three days' time. But this time we won't go away. We'll stay in Town, in my flat. You'll come there, three days from now. Is that quite clear?"

She bent her head. "Very well, Drake." There was no life left in her any longer. She had to agree. Besides he had every right to make her agree. She was his wife.

"And now, just to make sure you'll stick to your bargain, come over here and kiss me of your own free will," he said suddenly. "Kiss me as you should kiss your rightful husband." His voice sharpened. "Come along, Jill!"

She drew back from him, pain and horror in her voice, in her face.

"I—I can't, Drake!"

"Then how do I know you'll stick by your word?" he said roughly.

"I swear I will, Drake!"

"Bah, a woman's word! I don't believe you. Come over here."

She forced herself to go over to him. It needed more will-power than she had ever needed in her life to do anything.

"Kiss me," he commanded. "Come along. Is it so very difficult, my dear?"

Again with an almost superhuman effort she complied with his request. But how awful was this forced nearness to him. Unbearably awful when she remembered that only that morning she had lain in Guy's arms.

"Kiss me," he urged her again. "Kiss me, my dearest wife."

She tried to force herself to do it, but just as she was about to, she drew back with a queer, strangled cry.

There, beyond the closed window, was a face... Guy's white stricken face. He was staring straight at her!

Will Jill be able to hide from Guy the fact that she is married to Drake? Will she be able, too, to hold Drake at arm's length any longer? Do not miss the next daring instalment of this amazing drama.

Order next Saturday's issue to-day!

## SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!



Sunshine's here and summer's a snare,  
When diaphanous garments are your despair.  
Hair free limbs must Beauty adorn,  
If Leisure's a rose without a thorn.  
Words of scorn they ne'er shall taunt,  
Flimsiest garments gaily flaunt.  
Lady, what the magic banishes Fear?  
Taky Liquid, Crystal Clear!

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# BORN to be BAD!



BY

Dorothy Wilson

Diana Lewis was just born to be bad! She couldn't go straight—she didn't want to go straight! She was unscrupulous to the core!

Her blue eyes and baby face fooled the world—and especially men! She looked innocent, but there never was a more daring adventuress, liar and cheat than Diana Lewis, the sinner with the angel face.

DI thought it was only surprise that was showing in the eyes of the man who was standing in the doorway of his study staring at her. Lawrence was shocked that she had come to his rooms, she thought contemptuously, so shocked that he had not a word to say. Recklessly she went on with the part she had come to play.

"Lawrie, dear, such a dreadful thing has happened." Her voice was more babyish than ever. "I have had a most ghastly row with grandmother—about nothing, Lawrie, nothing at all. You know what she is, the horrid bad-tempered old thing! I had to come away. I felt I couldn't stay there another minute—and so I have come to you!"

Lawrence folded his arms, and the frown on his handsome face deepened.

But still Di did not understand—still she only thought he was shocked, and was rather glad about it, because, of course, that would only make him all the more anxious to marry her as quickly as possible.

"Darling, you are not going to send me back to her? I couldn't bear that—I'd sooner starve," she cried childishly. "Don't look like that, Lawrie—so stern and disapproving. I thought you would be glad. I thought you would understand. I thought you would take care of me. I thought you would marry me at once, darling," she ended wistfully.

She waited eagerly for him to agree.

An hour ago he might. An hour ago, no doubt he would have seized her in his arms and been as clay in those clever little hands. For an hour ago he had not even been aware of the existence of the man Robinson!

"Dearest, don't you want to?" Di murmured reproachfully as he did not speak.

He looked at her—looked at those big blue eyes, that appealing angel's face, the fluffy golden hair, and the slim shapely figure—looked at them and shuddered. It seemed incredible that any girl could look so sweet and be so false and mean and despicable. But facts were facts. Doubt was impossible after what he had learned about her at the police station.

Suddenly he spoke.

"You hypocrite—you common little thief!" he exploded.

Di's jaw dropped. Her colour fled, and she gave a little gasp of horror and amazement, utterly taken aback.

"I have just come from interviewing a man named Robinson at a police station," Lawrence went on icily. "One of the notes in my pocket-book had been traced to him. To save himself from being charged with the theft, he had to give you away."

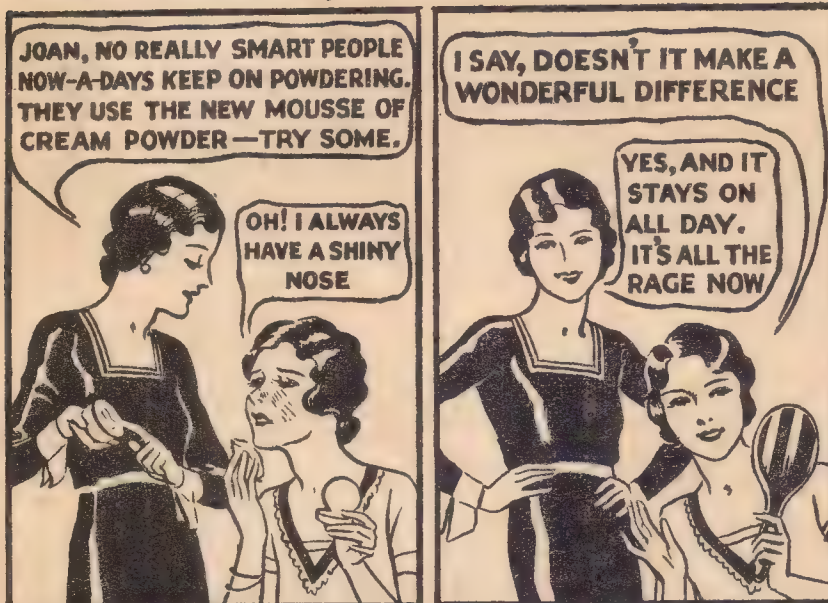
Di shrank away from him. Her lips moved, but no sound came through them.

"You stole that wallet about whose loss you pretended to be so upset," that cold accusing voice continued. "While you were making love to me you picked my pocket—and then helped me to look for it, and set everybody else searching, too. I thought I loved you—I did love you. But I don't now. I loathe and despise you, and myself as well for ever having been taken in by you."

(Continued on page 28.)



# The New Style in Face Powder



Extraordinary laboratory tests made with a new face powder formula have definitely proved that any woman can now obtain a beautiful, youthful complexion and entirely banish shiny nose, blotches and the worst complexion defects. The ingredient which makes this remarkable difference is called Mousse of Cream. It makes the powder stay on all day long in windy or rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration while dancing or playing games.

The entire world's rights to this amazing new formula have been acquired by Tokalon. Mousse of Cream is now scientifically blended in exactly the right proportions by a patented process with the finest air-floated powder in Poudre Tokalon. Try a box of Poudre Tokalon, the only Mousse of Cream face powder to-day. The immediate and tremendous improvement in your appearance will be the admiration and envy of your friends. Only 1/- a box. Double size 1/6.

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# HE REFUSED TO MARRY HER!

## BORN TO BE BAD!

(Continued from page 26.)

"Lawrie—Lawrie!" Di murmured.

But he took no notice.

"That's something that no lover could be expected to forgive, something that would kill stone dead any man's love, you thief!" he said bitterly. "The meanness, the cunning of it, the treachery—Heavens, I don't wonder you have nothing to say for yourself!"

"It doesn't seem to be much use saying anything, does it?" Di retorted.

She was pulling herself together. The game was up—once more she had been beaten in the most unexpected way. Hunter was lost to her—her last hope had failed. He would never marry her now.

"No. It isn't any use saying anything," he answered in the same deadly voice. "I know all about you—why you stole that money for Robinson—how you have been in the hands of the police before—and that you are not Maisie Graham at all, but just a wicked, deceitful adventuress."

Di frowned, wondered if it was any use begging him to give her another chance. Suppose she made up a story about how she had been tempted, the story of a poor innocent girl's fight against dreadful odds, and pleaded with him to save her by marrying her?

Swiftly she glanced into his stern white face.

No. It would only be a waste of breath, she thought. He was finished with her. She could never deceive him again. The best thing for her to do was to go—and be thankful that he did not apparently intend to charge her with the theft of his pocket-book. She would not give him back his ring. At least she would get the value of that out of him!

"If you will let me pass, I will go," she said nervously.

"Not back to The Chestnuts," snapped Hunter.

At that moment there came a ring at the bell that made them both start.

THEY were still staring at each other, wondering whom it could be, when Elsie and Davis were shown in.

Di clenched her hands and stared at Elsie defiantly, while Elsie and Davis looked at each other, astonished to find her there.

Elsie spoke first—to Hunter.

"Lawrence," she said, "Douglas has just told me something about this girl whom you know as

Maisie Graham, and for your sake I felt it was my duty to bring him along to tell it to you. It didn't seem right that a friend of yours should stand by and let you go on thinking she was someone you could possibly be engaged to."

"That's all right," Di exclaimed bitterly. "You can save yourself the trouble. He knows."

"Yes," said Lawrence. "I know. It is all over, Elsie. She—she was going when you rang."

The two girls looked at each other.

"I always knew you were a hypocrite and a liar," said Elsie. "But I must admit I never dreamed just how big a hypocrite and a rotter you were."

"Didn't you?" Di sneered. "Well, if it is any satisfaction to you, I don't mind telling you that you were the only one who ever put the wind up me."

"What did she come here for?" Davis demanded of Lawrence suspiciously, knowing the arrangement the real Maisie had made.

Lawrence shrugged.

"I don't quite know," he said grimly. "She told me some story of having quarrelled with Mrs. Graham—"

"I'll tell you why I came," Di interrupted. The presence of Elsie had hardened her. The angel face had coarsened, the blue eyes were blazing with rage and defiance.

"I came to try to fool you into marrying me before you could find out the truth about me," she cried. "It was my last card. If I had got you I could have defied the lot of them. You would have had to make the best of it, once I was your



Di shrank back. She had been unfaithful to him, had even sent him to prison. Was his love great enough to forgive her?



## BORN TO BE BAD!

(Continued from previous page.)

She discussed the matter with John.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Instead of your writing to Mrs. Graham as you said you would, I think someone ought to go down and see her to make sure that it has all really come to an end. No, not you, darling," he went on, as he saw Maisie's lips moving to protest. "Me. Then I can hand over that cheque to her, and make her realise that it is really her money."

His proud, independent spirit was desperately anxious to get rid of that hundred pounds.

Maisie thought the suggestion over, and finally agreed that perhaps that would be best. . . .

"There is a Mr. Sutton asking for you, ma'am," the butler reported to Mrs. Graham, when John arrived at The Chestnuts.

"Sutton? I don't know anyone of that name. Ask him what he wants."

The butler returned to speak to John, and then went back to his mistress with the message that John had come down to see her about her granddaughter.

A moment later he was in the presence of Maisie's grandmother.

"Yes? What is it?" she inquired sharply, for she, of course, was under the impression that her granddaughter had gone up to Town to stay with Lawrence Hunter's relations. "Has anything happened to Maisie?"

John frowned. That remark made it clear to him, at once, that Di had double-crossed them, and that Mrs. Graham knew nothing.

He looked at her curiously. So this was Maisie's grandmother, the woman who had been so hard on Maisie's father and mother and towards whom, in consequence, Maisie felt so bitterly!

"I am afraid I have a long and very unpleasant story to tell you," he said quietly.

Mrs. Graham stiffened.

"I don't like long and unpleasant stories," she said.

"Well, you have got to hear this one. To begin with the girl who all this time has been posing as your granddaughter is nothing of the sort. Your granddaughter is my wife."

Mrs. Graham clutched at the arms of her chair.

"But that's nonsense," she began explosively. "You had better be careful. If this is some blackmailing attempt—"

"It isn't," John interrupted. "I have not come to ask for money but to give you some."

He handed her the cheque he was so anxious to get rid of, and Mrs. Graham stared at it, bewilderedly.

"And now," he said firmly. "The best thing you can do is to let me tell you the whole story without interrupting."

He told it. Briefly and convincingly he told her everything—and it was pitiful to see the way the pride went out of her as she listened.

It was the most dreadful and humiliating thing that had ever happened to her. That she should have been taken in by an adventuress with a criminal record; that she, who was so proud of being a lady herself and so keen to see the lady in others, should have made this ludicrous mistake, covered her with shame and confusion.

Inevitably she remembered the times when she had recognised the aristocratic Graham touches in the impostor! Elsie was the one who had come nearest to seeing through her. That artful, husky-sweet voice, and that misleading innocent face had never really taken Elsie in. And Elsie had been sent away—turned out—for having a down on her.

Mrs. Graham sighed, more ashamed than angry, tortured by the bitterest shame of all, the knowledge that she had made herself ridiculous. How everyone would laugh at her when it all came out!

"Well?" said John.

"It's all so dreadful, I don't know what to say,"



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wailed the proud old woman, covering her face with her hands.

"You ought to have known that my wife would not come begging to *you*, even if she were starving," said John on Maisie's behalf.

"Don't—don't!"

Mrs. Graham bit her lip, conscious suddenly of a most unexpected desire to see her real granddaughter.

"Why, Maisie would not even come to see you to-day to tell you about this wicked little swindler who has taken you in so easily!"

Naturally, John was entirely and utterly on Maisie's side. He knew the story, and had no intention of letting Mrs. Graham off too easily. To him she was a snob, who, for all her snobbery, obviously did not know a lady when she saw one!

And then, while he was looking at her and telling himself that it served her right that she should have made such a fool of herself, he found his hostility gradually vanishing. She looked so hurt, so broken, so old—much, much older than when he had first come into that room.

To his surprise he found himself trying to cheer her up—pointing out that it didn't really matter so very much; Di had been found out, and had gone; it was all over.

"But—but what will the neighbourhood say?" Mrs. Graham faltered.

"Let them say what they like and get it over," said John. "They'll soon forget all about it."

"And there is Lawrence; that wicked girl is engaged to him," gasped Mrs. Graham.

She rose to her feet.

"I must let him know. Excuse me a minute."

**P**ULLING herself together, she hurried to the telephone. John, left alone, looked round the drawing-room. This big house ought to have been Maisie's home, he was thinking. And, oh, how glad he was that it had never been her home, for if it had been, he and she would never have met.

Mrs. Graham came back from the phone.

"He knows," she said miserably, as she sank into a chair. "She has been there. He has sent her away," she gasped. "It is even worse than I thought. She stole his pocket-book. Oh, dear, how could I have been so blind as not to see through her?"

She faltered out the story of the missing wallet.

"Di was a criminal all right," commented John grimly. "I wonder what else she has got away with—belonging to you?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Graham. "They—they kept the things she took up to Town with her."

"Good," John approved, and then felt sorry for the old woman again. Once more he began to comfort her, and drifted on to talking about his wife—told her how wonderful Maisie was, and ended up with a loving, enthusiastic:

"You ought to see her!"

Mrs. Graham sighed.

"I never shall," she said wistfully. "She hates me—you have told me yourself she won't come near me."

"She would if you were to say you were sorry  
(Continued on next page.)

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Chestnuts and empty handed she had come away! Out of all her scheming and her plotting and her lying she had got nothing in the end!

"I can't even start again," she muttered sullenly.

If only she had a little money—just one hundred pounds! Then she could go right away, where she was not known and was not likely to meet anyone who knew her story, and make another desperate effort to bag a rich husband to keep her in comfort for the rest of her days.

She looked in the cracked mirror.

"I could do it—I could, I could!" she told herself as she studied her face.

Stay at an hotel in Cornwall, or even go to Paris—yes, perhaps Paris would be best. Stay in a smart hotel in Paris and fish once more among the good-looking, moneyed swells—surely, surely she could land one? What did she care whether he was English or French so long as he had lots of money?

Her eyes began to sparkle, but suddenly the light in them died down.

What was the use of making plans and getting all excited and worked up? She was done—she hadn't the money with which to make a start.

She was done—absolutely done.

Was she done? Who said so?

"I will have something out of them," she muttered. That lot should not triumph over her like this!

Grimly she began to make a plan.

Who knew The Chestnuts and its ways better than she did?

Every evening that old fool, Mrs. Graham, dined at half-past seven. The maids were all in the kitchen. The butler was in the dining-room waiting on his mistress. Anyone who knew the ropes could quite easily get into the house by the french window in the drawing-room, and slip up the stairs to Mrs. Graham's bedroom without being seen, while everyone was busy below.

Mrs. Graham kept her jewellery in a portable jewel case in the bottom of her wardrobe. It would be the work of a moment to grab it, slip out again, and be off to the Continent next morning before it was missed.

The old fool only wore jewellery when there were visitors. It might be days before she discovered that it was gone, and by that time, even if they suspected her, Di would have been able to cover up her tracks so that she could not be traced.

She lit another cigarette.

The matter was settled, but it must be carefully thought out. It could not be done on the spur of the moment: there was a passport in a false name to be got first, and all sorts of details to be arranged and emergencies provided for. No trusting to luck—it would mean a long term of imprisonment for certain if anything went wrong.

It took her three days to arrange everything, and then convinced that everything had been foreseen, once more she went down to The Chestnuts. The journey was the most dangerous part of her plan. But luck was with her. Nobody, not a single soul, saw her steal once more into the garden that she knew so well.

She made straight for the summer-house, having

(Continued on page 36.)

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(Continued on page 2.)



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| H/3 977185  | H/13 248286 | H/20 494291 | H/27 524246 | H/34 526268 | H/41 749943 | H/48 945459 |
| H/4 364471  | H/13 524246 | H/20 622222 | H/27 791911 | H/34 824428 | H/42 159517 | H/49 127271 |
| H/4 629371  | H/13 823231 | H/20 826541 | H/28 042046 | H/35 076769 | H/42 206009 | H/49 394493 |
| H/5 072276  | H/14 026652 | H/21 175376 | H/28 355104 | H/35 389835 | H/42 624471 | H/49 522256 |
| H/5 842415  | H/14 466848 | H/21 389843 | H/28 571752 | H/35 624244 | H/42 821215 | H/49 827278 |
| H/6 233156  | H/14 621255 | H/21 622247 | H/28 712021 | H/35 861175 | H/43 044245 | H/50 004056 |
| H/6 734819  | H/14 938833 | H/21 828286 | H/29 067799 | H/36 194416 | H/43 322246 | H/50 251299 |
| H/7 228256  | H/15 277278 | H/22 158581 | H/29 424244 | H/36 326263 | H/43 681186 | H/50 626267 |
| H/7 624751  | H/15 357515 | H/22 322235 | H/29 569048 | H/36 644249 | H/43 822251 | H/50 729408 |
| H/8 375538  | H/15 643431 | H/22 527829 | H/29 927276 | H/36 827277 | H/44 277725 | H/51 262743 |
| H/8 876271  | H/15 925529 | H/22 751156 | H/30 088459 | H/37 048489 | H/44 416166 | H/51 478041 |
| H/9 059456  | H/16 271749 | H/23 256843 | H/30 239392 | H/37 342423 | H/44 721127 | H/51 642579 |
| H/9 239196  | H/16 336354 | H/23 476671 | H/30 784848 | H/37 575756 | H/44 821244 | H/51 835758 |
| H/9 477271  | H/16 521256 | H/23 548286 | H/30 926629 | H/37 721824 | H/45 256651 | H/52 147751 |
| H/9 721276  | H/16 744251 | H/23 721211 | H/30 926629 | H/38 247859 | H/45 499941 | H/52 416005 |
| H/10 071422 | H/17 189684 | H/24 177006 | H/31 138386 | H/38 461347 | H/45 577276 | H/52 648789 |
| H/10 368351 | H/17 321255 | H/24 343044 | H/31 481224 | H/38 621746 | H/45 742330 | H/52 851256 |
| H/10 586862 | H/17 526625 | H/24 501206 | H/31 725255 | H/38 958588 | H/46 051261 | H/53 044243 |
| H/10 749296 | H/17 791292 | H/24 795953 | H/31 961169 | H/39 178334 | H/46 378287 | H/53 271049 |
| H/11 054572 | H/18 005516 | H/25 046648 | H/32 255256 | H/39 347956 | H/46 621219 | H/53 522826 |
| H/11 157568 | H/18 233744 | H/25 374501 | H/32 728287 | H/39 522729 | H/46 947749 | H/53 752568 |
| H/11 386832 | H/18 699656 | H/25 527277 | H/32 478785 | H/39 844053 | H/47 008806 | H/54 096753 |
| H/11 544246 | H/18 827299 | H/25 951516 | H/32 966221 | H/40 178566 | H/47 324429 | H/54 258572 |
| H/11 722246 | H/19 046727 | H/26 238382 | H/33 175759 | H/40 471075 | H/47 751279 | H/54 685568 |
| H/12 189862 | H/19 376210 | H/26 496691 | H/33 462627 | H/40 592296 | H/47 828286 | H/54 729298 |
| H/12 425254 | H/19 688342 | H/26 577232 | H/33 722275 | H/40 851218 | H/48 164467 | H/55 171056 |
| H/12 625255 | H/19 929868 | H/26 821218 | H/33 944496 | H/41 187224 | H/48 368356 | H/55 419059 |
| H/12 917276 | H/20 054153 | H/27 055053 | H/34 025259 | H/41 423236 | H/48 625371 | H/55 510754 |
| H/13 096342 |             | H/27 379755 | H/34 236639 | H/41 502206 |             | H/55 833398 |

## NATIONAL SAVINGS SCHEME No. 11

I enclose herewith National Savings Certificate No. .... for which a prize of a National Savings Certificate value £..... is offered in this issue of BETTY'S PAPER, and I agree to accept the Competition Editor's decision as final in all matters relating to this scheme.

Name.....

Address.....

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BETTY'S PAPER, July 23, 1932. ....  
Closing date (first post), Thursday, July 21, 1932.

## WHAT TO DO.

See whether you have a National Savings Certificate bearing one of the numbers printed in the above list.

If you have such a certificate, write to us claiming your prize and enclose your National Savings Book, to prove your claim, together with the coupon which appears on this page.

Your book will be returned to you by registered post, together with your prize, within a few days of the closing date for claims.

Prizewinners must understand that the prizes are Free Awards. The recipients will still retain their National Savings Certificates.

All claims for prizes in connection with the above list of numbers must be posted to arrive not later than the first post Thursday, July 21st. Claims arriving after that time will not be admitted.

All claims should be forwarded, by registered post, addressed to: National Savings List No. 11, BETTY'S PAPER, Pump Yard, Manchester (Comp.).

The Competition Editor's decision on all matters relating to this scheme is absolutely final and legally binding, and this is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Allied Newspapers Ltd. are not allowed to compete.

In addition to the splendid prizes set out above, you are offered £1,000 in IDEAS and Town Talk, £250 in WEEK END NOVELS, and £250 in BOYS' MAGAZINE, this week, in similar National Savings Schemes. The certificate numbers in each paper are different. Buy them to-day, and see if you are entitled to claim one of the wonderful prizes offered.